

A SCOTCH TRADITION.

MERCILESS WARFARE OF ONE OF THE OLD SCOTCH CLANS.

A Terrible Story of the Frightful Destruction of a Whole Race, the Inhabitants of One Island—Even Today the Spot is Said to Be Haunted.

A friend of mine made a prolonged tour of Scotland last year to indulge in his favorite pastime—fishing—of which there is none better in the whole world than among the highlands and contiguous islands of that country. He brought back with him a vast storehouse of the strange tales of the primitive people among whom he roamed, for he had seen the usual signs of travel, confining his wanderings to the remote villages and out of the way places which the ordinary tourist never visits. He lived for months with the peasant and fisherman class, with whom, ingratiating himself into their good graces, he learned much of the traditions current in the region, which have only been kept alive by being handed down from father to son through the generations.

At one time residing with a simple fisherman on one of the Hebrides, that group made famous by the celebrated tour of Dr. Johnson and Boswell, he was told a strange story pertaining to a cave on one of the islands, which he afterward visited with his host, making the weird tradition doubly interesting. It was this:

More than three centuries ago there existed two clans between which there was waged the most bitter and relentless warfare for generations. Of course the people of both factions were but little more civilized than the North American Indians when Columbus gave a new world to Spain. Both clans lived by stealing from their neighbors, and each preferring this mode of life to an honest endeavor of raising anything for themselves. Their tenure of the dark glens which they claimed was held by the process of their primitive bows and arrows, their rude claymores and ruler dirks. Ignorant, cruel and vindictive, the several clans hated each other with a hatred unknown but to denote ignorance; they hated simply because their names differed, because they had been taught that differences between names meant feuds between races.

One of these two contending clans lived on one of the little islands of the Hebridean group, a barren, rocky, desolate spot, surrounded only by the eternal surf. One mild winter day came the boats of their hated enemy. The intention of the invaders was of course to kill, plunder and destroy. They did plunder and burn the huts they found on the shore, but not a human being was found that they could massacre. The whole island appeared to have been abandoned. The invaders ransacked it well, traversed every glen and every ravine and wondered where their inveterate enemies had gone. Failing in the principal part of their bloody mission, they prepared to leave. They took up their arms, but hardly had they cleared the little creek by which they had entered from the sea when a man, with an apparently extraordinary vision, spied a figure in the uncertain light of a winter's dawn cautiously moving over the rocks.

A shout announced the discovery, and the islanders disappeared. But the secret had been betrayed. The inhabitants had hidden themselves, not deserted. In half an hour their assassins had reloaded and set themselves with awestruck hope to the search. Snow had fallen during the night, and the foot-steps of the imprudent islander betrayed the whereabouts of his clan. The highlanders exultingly followed the trail of the enemy, and they soon tracked him to the hiding place of his people, a curious cavern, its entrance through a maze of rocks, overgrown with thick shrubs, a place easily missed by any one not familiar with the locality. In this cave were gathered all the families of the tribe, the women and little children and a few of the old men, the main portion of the young warriors having gone off on an expedition—a marauding one of course—to the neighboring islands.

With shouts of triumph and exulting wrath comparable to the cruel nature of invaders they collected seaweed, driftwood and the dried flesh, in which the rocks abounded, and piled around the one entrance to the cavern, its inmates, now cognizant of what their enemies were doing, maintaining the silence of despair. A few words of muttered Gaelic alone passed—and in a short time the material which the savages had gathered was set on fire, the scorching heat from which and the dense smoke rolled in upon the unfortunate occupants of the cavern, when suddenly there arose a wall of agony. Over the crackling and roaring of the huge fire the dying wretches attempted to get out, only to be killed at the mouth of the fierce hell or thrust back with pikes into the scorching flames. At last all sounds ceased—the blue smoke died away completely; the fiends had done their work; not a living creature remained within the almost sealed cavern. The clan had been extinguished—a clanless in the highlands of Scotia. The triumphant murderers took to their boats and sailed away again, leaving their dead unburied as they lay.

They never were buried through all the long years. The little island where such atrocities were committed was haunted—haunted by spirits of those who had not their horrible fate there. It was also claimed by the fishermen of the other islands that whenever they happened to pass that way in the night low wallows were distinctly heard, sharp, piercing shrieks, and that ghastly skeletons were seen walking on the beach, and the place was avoided as a pest hole. After many generations these superstitious notions died out. Now the island is inhabited again, but the dreadful legend sticks to it, and it is said that many a human bone is dug up by the small gardeners.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Is This Not Strange?
A contentious church member in a western town recently attempted to have his pastor disciplined for using the slang phrase "not in it" in the pulpit, but the bottom dropped out of his charge when the clergyman produced the manuscript of his sermon and read this sentence from it: "In a word, my Christian hearers, the ark was a miniature world; there was no form of life that was not in it."—New York Tribune.

The guests at a hotel in Ohio presented one of the waitresses with a pair of roller skates in hopes of being waited on more speedily.

THE DEATH OF TOMMY.

Virginia's Hospitality Could Not Be Disregarded Too Lightly.

The south has always been known for its hospitality, and nowhere has this quality been more religiously maintained than in Virginia. Unfortunately the war made sad havoc with the Virginian's resources, but his old time open heartedness has never altered.

Some years ago a friend of mine traveling in the lower portion of that state stopped for a few hours with old acquaintances and remained for tea. An occasion of this kind in Virginia calls invariably for the favorite dish of the south—fried chicken.

At last there was "but one young chicken on the place, and that one a pet. It had been left an orphan by its mother at a very early age, and, like Pip in Charles Dickens' "Great Expectations," had been brought up by hand. The children called it Tommy, and were very fond of it, while Tommy in turn was attached to the children.

The matter was a very serious one, and a family consultation was held. Virginia hospitality could not be lightly disregarded, and it was decided that poor Tommy must become the sacrifice. My friend of course knew nothing of the tragedy that was being enacted for his comfort, and when tea was served regarded the plate of nicely browned chicken with contemplative joy.

Soon, however, he became aware that something was amiss. An air of silent sorrow pervaded the little family group usually so gay, and the children took nothing on their plates. The chicken was passed, but with the exception of my friend no one partook. Selecting a juicy looking drumstick, he fixed it with his fork, and cutting off a choice bit conveyed it to his mouth.

At this there was a sudden and heart breaking howl from one of the little boys. "Oh, mamma, mamma, he's eating our Tommy!"

Thereupon the other children mingled their voices in a wild wailing, and the older members burst into uncontrollable laughter in which, as the truth dawned upon him, my friend joined.

Then there came explanations, more laughter and tears, and adjustments all around.

Poor Tommy could not be restored to life, but he was buried under a big apple tree with appropriate ceremonies.—Albert B. Paine in Harper's Young People.

A Ball of Fire Makes a Visit.
A very singular story is told concerning the vagaries of one mass of globe lightning. A tailor in the Rue St. Jacques, in the neighborhood of the Val de Grace, was getting his dinner one day during a thunderstorm when he heard a loud clap, and soon the chimney board fell down, and a globe of fire as big as a child's head came out quietly and moved slowly about the room at a small height above the floor. The tailor, in conversation afterward with M. Dabblin, of the Academie des Sciences, said it looked like a good sized kitten rolled up into a ball and moving without showing its paws. It was bright and shining, yet he felt no sensation of heat. The globe came near his feet, but by moving them gently aside he avoided the contact.

After trying several excursions in different directions it rose vertically to the height of his head—which he threw back to prevent it touching him—steered toward a hole in the chimney above the mantelpiece, and made its way into it. Shortly afterward—In half an hour his assistants had reloaded and set themselves with awestruck hope to the search. Snow had fallen during the night, and the foot-steps of the imprudent islander betrayed the whereabouts of his clan. The highlanders exultingly followed the trail of the enemy, and they soon tracked him to the hiding place of his people, a curious cavern, its entrance through a maze of rocks, overgrown with thick shrubs, a place easily missed by any one not familiar with the locality. In this cave were gathered all the families of the tribe, the women and little children and a few of the old men, the main portion of the young warriors having gone off on an expedition—a marauding one of course—to the neighboring islands.

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AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

A Woman's Curious Recollections of Tidings of Her Life in Kamchatka.

More than half a century ago William Tolman sailed on a whaling ship bound for the northern seas. The ship was disabled and put into Kamchatka for repairs. Mr. Tolman was a master seaman, and so well pleased were the inhabitants with his work of repairing the disabled ship that the authorities of the place induced him to stay. A few years after he married a Russian girl, by whom he had a daughter and two sons. When the daughter was eleven years old her father sent her to America on a steamer in charge of the captain. The ship put into the port of New London, Conn., and the captain sent word to the girl's relatives in western New York, who came to New London by team and took her to their home. Afterward she, with relatives, came to Michigan.

The girl grew to womanhood, married an Episcopal clergyman named Dunn, and settled down in Lawrence, Kan. For fifty years Mrs. Dunn never heard a word from her parents in faraway Kamchatka. One day about a year ago she chanced to speak to a Russian in the streets of Lawrence, and was surprised when the subject of the czar said he once knew William Tolman, her father, and two brothers. He said that Mr. Tolman was dead, but that the sons were alive, but very poor. One of them, he told her, was a trapper.

The Russian gave Mrs. Dunn their address and she wrote to them, sending them clothing and many useful presents. In due time she got a letter from one brother, the first for over fifty years. The letter was passed around among the relatives. Yesterday W. T. Hess, of this city, got a letter, written in Russian, from one of the Tolman brothers in Kamchatka. Not being a Russian scholar he went out of his store to find some one to translate it. He spied a street fakir, he asked him if he could read the letter. The fakir looked at it and replied, "Yes, sir; it is Russian and from Kamchatka." He translated the letter for Mr. Hess.

"Here is the funny part of the whole thing," said Mr. Hess. "Mrs. Dunn learned of her relatives through a Russian on the street in Lawrence, Kan., and I had one of her brother's letters translated by a Russian found on the street in Grand Rapids. The William Tolman who sailed on the whaler was my uncle, for whom I was named. Funny how we get news from relatives sometimes," continued Mr. Hess.—Grand Rapids Democrat.

Her Only Thought.

It was one of the days when the wind blows suddenly and sharply around the corners, when the dust whirled in clouds and the air has a hard, cold dampness which goes straight through any coat except a fur one. Away up town on one of the western avenues where cheap houses are kept on the ground floor of cheap flat houses a woman stood by a window with a baby in her arms. Her dress was shabby and so thin that the wind went through it as through a sieve. The baby had a woolen frock and a worsted coat and cap, and seemed to be warm enough as he burrowed upon the woman's shoulder and dug his sprawling little fingers into her eyes.

In the shop window were displayed two kinds of garments. On one side were women's woolen petticoats and all kinds of heavy cotton underclothing, which looked warm and comfortable. But this woman did not see them, for she was looking on the other side of the window, where were shown little knitted hood and tights of white, grey, black and babies' mittens and babies' shoes and babies' fancy caps, with ribbons in them.—New York Times.

Large Electric Locomotives.

The most powerful electric locomotives yet used are two of the London Underground railway. Each locomotive, according to a description of Mr. Alexander Siemens, carries two motors, and the use of all gearing is obviated by winding the armatures of the motors on the axles of the locomotive wheels. Tests of the four motors before they were fitted to their places gave from forty to fifty horsepower each for three of them—the other being much more powerful—and efficiencies of about 70 to 84 per cent.

Each locomotive fully equipped weighs 13½ tons, and its unloaded train weighs twenty-one tons, a full load being ninety-six passengers. The average power of each locomotive requires a current of not more than fifty amperes, although in starting as much as 150 amperes must be had.—Ohio State Journal.

M. Flammarion, the French astronomer, has made it very probable that the dark areas of Mars are water and the bright ones land. Professor Schaeuber's observations with the greatest telescope in the world (the Lick) under the best possible conditions, lead him to precisely opposite conclusions. Mr. Brett (the English artist astronomer) doubts if land and water exist on Mars at all, and gives good reasons for deciding that the planet is in a heated state—as we suppose Jupiter to be, for example.—Professor E. S. Holden in Forum.

For Bronchitis.

"I never realized the good of a medicine so much as I have in the last few months, during which I have suffered intensely from pneumonia, followed by bronchitis. After trying various remedies without benefit, I began the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and in a few days I was enabled to breathe freely. It has been marvelous, a single dose relieving me of choking, and securing a good night's rest."—T. A. Higginbotham, Gen. Store, Long Mountain, Va.

La Grippe

"Last Spring I was taken down with la grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breath seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I begun taking it than relief followed. I do not believe that the effect would be so rapid."—W. H. Williams, Cook City, N. Dak.

Lung Trouble

"For more than twenty years, I was a sufferer from lung trouble, attended with coughing so severe at times as to cause hemorrhaging, the paroxysms frequently lasting three or four hours. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after taking four bottles, my breathing was easier, and I could sleep at night. I do not believe that the effect would be so rapid."—W. H. Williams, Cook City, N. Dak.

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Don't Drink Wine with Bananas.

The statement made in connection with the death of Colonel Gilmore that wine and banana juice combined made a deadly poison has caused much comment and much more comparing of notes. That to eat bananas and drink wine immediately afterward is to court certain death, as was stated by a gentleman of some experience, is not correct, or I would have died a score of deaths from poison before this, and the inhabitants of the West Indian islands would have been decimated time and again, for the combination is common among these who can secure wine.

It is possible that some particular wines are dangerous in combination with bananas, but the rule does not apply either to champagne or sherry. The suggestion, however, that bananas are injurious in connection with anything is rather a novel one to me, because there are few fruits which will preserve life and health like the banana, and a properly ripened fruit is at once delicious and nutritious.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Few Men Die of Overwork.

Dr. Pye Smith holds that there is no fear of the ordinary man using his brains too much for health, and he does not believe that mental labor or honest work of any kind interferes with health or shortens life a day. He maintains that excessive eating is the abuse that tends to the injury of brain workers more than any other cause.

Many active brain workers have suddenly broken down and fancied that it was due to brain fatigue, when, as a matter of fact, it was due to over stuffing their stomachs. The furnace connection with mental machinery became clogged up with ashes and carbon in various shapes and forms, and as a result disease came, and before the case was fully appreciated a demoralized condition of the nervous system was manifested and the prosaic cause for the collapse was suppressed under the euphemistic "mental overwork."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Swallowing Abilities of Snakes.

The jaws of the chicken snake are hung on hinges that can be taken apart or displaced for the time being, and the case may be, and an entire Texas cottontail rabbit can be persuaded to enter, head and all, with little effort, and the body being made of india rubberlike material and very stretchable the kicking little animal soon finds a lodgment in the stomach. His snakeship then carefully resets his jaws so that his mouth assumes its normal size and blissfully reposes for the succeeding six hours. The powerful gastric juice does the balance, and no Texan can testify that he ever heard of a chicken snake suffering from indigestion or chronic dyspepsia. The capture and digestion of chickens, song birds, turkey eggs and rats constitute simple pastime to the chicken snake and does not call for a six hour layoff in feeding time.—Port Lavaca.

Telescope Observations Show That.

planet Venus appears to a distant observer far more nearly like the earth than does Mars.

It Isn't the Usual Easy-Job.

It isn't the usual easy-job just the reverse—it's to pay a patient when you can't cure him. Nevertheless, that's what's done by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

They promise to pay you \$500 if they can't cure your catarrh, no matter how bad the case. It isn't mere talk—it's business. You can satisfy yourself of it, if you're interested. And you ought to be, if you have catarrh. Its faith in their medicine that's behind the offer.

Has cured thousands of the worst cases, where everything else failed.

You can't cure, too. If you can't, you get the money. They're willing to take the risk—you ought to be to take the medicine. It's the cheapest medicine you can buy, because it's guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You only pay for the good you get. Can you ask more? That's the peculiar plan all Dr. Pierce's medicines are sold on.

EYE AND EAR.

DR. CHAS. E. WALKER, JACOBSON BUILDING, DENVER.

J. CROCKET GIVENS,

Proprietor of the

PALACE SALOON!

CENTRAL N. M.

The Choicest of

Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

CURED AND CROSSED OFF.

This engraving resembles Miss Martha Anderson, No. 1233 Curtis street, Denver.

Miss Martha Anderson

"My food distressed me when I consulted myself, and I was at all times nervous and restless. I can now say, after about two months' treatment that I am happily rid of my ailments, and I am just as well as I was before. It is the first time I came to you for medical care. My friends remark my altered appearance, and compliment me on the change so much for the better. I shall always bless the day that I saw your advertisement, and I shall be glad to give you my thanks for the treatment by your London Hospital Dispensary. His offices are in the People's Bank Building, Room 20-21, Denver, Colo. Patients at a distance are treated as successfully as those who visit the office. A carefully prepared symptom blank is sent to all applicants.

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CLAIRETTE SOAP!

There's banks of violets, Banks of moss, And banks where miners grope; And banks that handle golden coin, But FAIRBANK makes THE BEST SOAP. EVERY ONE USES CLAIRETTE SOAP. NK. FAIRBANK & CO. ST. LOUIS.

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Fish, Meats, Vegetables in season, always supplied.

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DICK MAWSON, WAGON MAKING AND BUGGY REPAIRING.

Horse-drawing and all kinds of Blacksmith Work.

Broadway Blacksmith Shop, opposite Old Man

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—VIA—

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